

Baby Faced Bride

GROOM



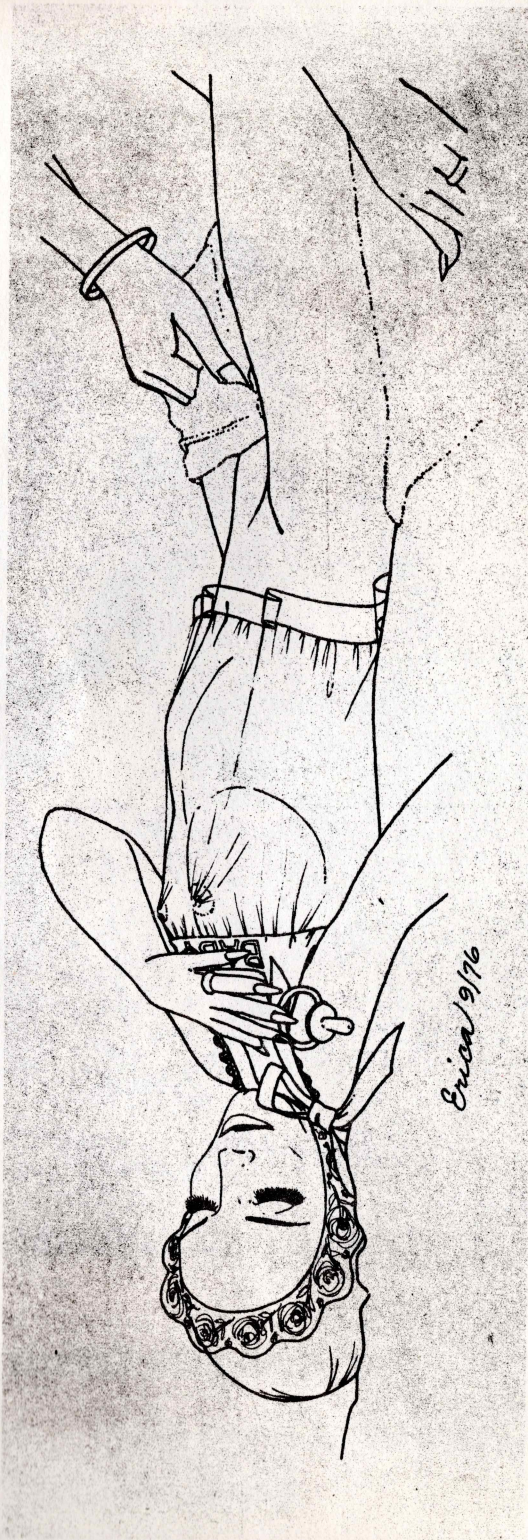
*A unique Novel of how a Male is Trained and Transformed
into Being a Female by a Duo of Dominant Women*

Cathy Slavik
Publisher



BABY FACED BRIDE GROOM #4

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I. A FATEFUL MEETING

Cecil slept well but he did awaken once during the night and for some reason his thoughts went back to a book that Victor had shown him about a year ago, titled 'The Perils of Priscilla.' Priscilla was a lovely, virtuous girl with a ravishing figure which was often considerably exposed due to the unfortunate outcome of her many misadventures. She lived a simple, chaste life with her elderly father and worked hard to pay off the mortgage which threatened their security; however the mortgage was held by the villainous Count D'Astardly who with his ally the Duchess, an equally cruel and unscrupulous woman, plotted to waylay the innocent girl, rob her of her virtue and make her their serving girl and slave.

Priscilla and her younger brother fought them heroically but one chapter after another ended with the shapely heroine stripped and forced to endure whippings, bizarre bondage and the sexual overtones of her oppressors. It struck Cecil that he was a sort of male Priscilla, surely as virtuous as the original heroine and equally unfortunate in everything he did. On the verge of asserting his independance from Trixie, that misunderstanding about the flag women had given him guilt feelings which, together with his wife's dazzling dominatress costume, had enabled her to gain the whip hand over him. The Suwaho incident, certainly not his fault, had brought on a physical clash with Trixie which he might have won had he not injured his toe so painfully; instead of winning he had been taken over his young bride's knees and spanked until he cried - a crushing turning point in his fortunes.

The reverse had led to the equally disastrous visit to that woman doctor and her nurse, who had sported with Cecil and given Trixie a flock of ideas for assuming control over him. There was that mysterious loss of his tennis outfit, which had put him for the first time in some of Trixie's garments; she might not have

insisted on this if he hadn't previously allowed her to slip her bridal nightgown on him a few times, letting her discover how this aroused his emotions. She might never have done this in the first place, if someone hadn't tipped her off on wedding rehearsal night that he was wearing girls' pettipants. And that wouldn't have occured had it not been for the reappearance of his old enemy Jackie, a one in a thousand chance. Also, this had permitted his dear friend Victor that he was in Trixie's parties, and he feared the beautiful Lila, whom he so admired, also suspected his effeminate tendencies. The carefully guarded secrets of his past were all falling into Trixie's hands - doubtless she'd try to strip him of those that remained. One thing had led to another - it seemed that he had been fated to fall into this lace-trimmed trap. All his reverses were resulting from such an innocent beginning - surely there was nothing wicked or perverted about the attraction to girls' clothes with which he must have been born. Yes, he was a male Priscilla and like her, he must not accept defeat, he must be a brave girl - no, boy - and he must assert his manhood very soon, hopefully before the honeymoon was over. This would not be

easy because the last four days had commenced with him in diapers and dolly gown, looking like a baby and eating a baby breakfast. He wondered if Trixie had bought those beautiful pink panties for him. He hoped so - no, he didn't. This must stop at once. Like lovely Priscilla, Cecil believed that virtue and honesty will always win... He'd watch for his chance. Then he fell asleep.

When he awoke the sun was shining brightly and Trixie had just finished dressing; she looked radiant, attractively tomboyish in her capri pants and sport shirt. She smiled to see her handsome, drowsy husband sit up in his baby doll gown and before his eyes were wide open she came briskly over to him with the new baby bonnet, placed it on his head and tied its sashes under his chin. This made him look and feel very babyish and he reluctantly yielded when his wife gently but firmly helped him to lay flat on his back while she unpinned him for inspection. "Honey - this isn't necessary!" She gave him a steely glance. "What does my baby call me?" "Uh - Mama," he replied sheepishly. She pinned him up and again replaced the fancy pink panties; despite his uneasiness he couldn't help being thrilled as she put them on.

him, then turned him part way over to give him a playful pat on the seat. She ordered breakfast for herself and the other infantile foods which he so disliked but had almost come to expect. Frowning and pouting, he sat up in bed while his wife fed him his mush in small spoonfuls, then he reclined to take his bottle of hot milk. This was an outrage! But in baby clothes and bonnet he did not feel ready or much inclined to start an argument. Trixie did some setting up exercises before the mirror, her back so supple as she twisted from side to side, her derriere so big and nicely rounded as she bent forward, her strong legs like two beautiful columns of flesh, her shapely arms smooth but well muscled. She turned to her 'baby.' "Oh, I didn't show you the other item I bought in the novelty shop, dear." She took from her purse a blue plastic cylinder, five inches long. "Is that a felt tip marking pen, dear?" "Looks like it - but it's a tear gas dispenser. One quick whiff of this will disable a woman's attacker - they said on TV that every woman should carry one these days." "Is it loaded, Honey?" "Yes. Put your nipple back in your mouth dear, and let's finish."

Trixie eyed her sucking 'infant' with

satisfaction. He was nicest and most cooperative at these times, when dressed in the baby attire she had hastily improvised, and treated like a baby. She just couldn't wait to receive the 'Adult Baby Clothes' catalog from Amber Enterprises. Would it be waiting, when they arrived home? She was dying to see how herissy boy would look in a pinafore - or rompers - or perhaps as a Little Lord Fauntleroy.

This was their last full day in Capitol City. They decided that Cecil would bring the car to a service station to have it's sluggish engine checked while Trixie packed most of their luggage in readiness for departure the next morning, leaving most of the day free for sight-seeing. Cecil felt a little more manly in his masculine outer attire, although the swaddling of his hips made them look rather womanish and the thought of of his glamorous, lace-lavished panties gave him that mincing, girlish walk. They kissed upon parting and Trixie whispered, "Don't you love your panties?" "Yes, Honey." "You didn't thank me for them." "Oh - I Thank you dear, but we must stop all this, you know! We'll be home in a few days and that will be the end of me dressing up like this." "Darling, you love your lingerie and dainty nightgowns -

you've told me so many times!" "If I did it was under duress, dear - but there must not be any more of it at home." "Oh, I hope there will be, Honey," cooed Trixie. "Listen, if I finish packing before you return, I'll be down in the lobby."

When Cecil returned an hour later he looked around the lobby and then, happening to glance toward the coffee shop, saw Trixie seated in a booth engaged in an animated conversation with two good looking young men. He walked toward them and suddenly stopped as though he'd been shot! They were the two athletes he and Trixie had met on the tennis court! And on that day they had mistaken him for a girl! Quickly he turned away before they saw him and went up to his room. He waited there uneasily. What were they discussing so earnestly? How would Trixie account for him being male instead of female? He didn't really care, just as long as she got rid of them. Finally her key turned in the door and Cecil turned to face a very flustered, excited young wife. "Oh darling, you can't guess who I met!" "I saw them, Honey." He explained and Trixie said breathlessly, "It's so lucky they didn't see you - in trousers! Because we're going on a double date with them

tonight." "Wha-a-at?" The fluttery girl told how very nice Ralph and Mike looked in their swank sports clothes, how gentlemanly they were, how courteously they had apologized for being overenthusiastic that first time, entirely because both girls had been so charming. "They're taking us out to dinner, dear, and then to a drive-in movie." "But - but don't they think we're sisters?" "Of course!" "Well then - I can't go! I couldn't pose as a girl - and I wouldn't dream of trying! I told you I'd have no more of this!" "Darling - Ralph is a dream! He's just dying to take you out! When they proposed a drive-in movie I said, 'If you have a petting session in mind, count us out. Cecilia especially is not accustomed to boys - in fact she studied to be a nun, and left the convent only a few months ago.' They asked if you'd ever been touched by a boy, and I said no. They asked what order of nuns you belonged to and where your convent was and I hope my answers went over OK." "What did you say my name was, in the convent?" "Er - Sister Purina." "Purina? But - that's a dog food!" "Well, I had to think of something fast - I tried to find a name suggesting innocence and chastity."

"I can't date with a man - it's impossible! Call them up and cancel it!" "Oh, it's too bad

but I forgot to take their phone number. They will pick us up at seven. Honey, I didn't want to accept but they overwhelmed me - they simply begged to take us out. After Ralph learned that you were a former nun he was all the more eager. It's just for one night, dear, and it will be a grand finale to this wonderful trip." "No! Never! How could you even think of it?" "Now listen, dear - this is the adventure of a lifetime. We'd never dare attempt it at home, but here what can we lose? It just means that we are going to give you some special prettying up a little sooner than I expected. On the way up here I stopped at the beauty shop and made an appointment for you at ten - it's almost that now - " "No! I- I won't go!" "It's perfectly private, a little shop here in the hotel, no one will see you. Moreover, the beautician told me of a place where certain men, show people and so forth, can be fitted for marvelous foundation garments that have gel filled pads in the bra and hips that are as lifelike as can be." "No! A thousand times no!" "And we'll get you a darling dress, very modest at the bosom and skirt length, a sweet frou-frou dress that you'll simply adore - and so will Ralph." Cecil refused but Trixie coaxed

"At least keep your hairdresser appointment - your hair needs styling - you can decide after that. Come, we'll just make it on time." He finally went with his persuasive wife; the beauty salon would be an adventure and he'd not consent to anything beyond that.

Soon he was in his first beauty shop, the *Crowning Glory*, receiving his first permanent wave, though he didn't know it was that at the time. The operator, Maxine, conferred with Trixie as to how she should set his curls; his hair had first been trimmed and his eyebrows shaved to a nicely arched, pencil-thin line. At his side sat a pretty, petite black girl, manicuring his nails and applying an orange-red lacquer to them. Before he went under the dryer, Trixie and Maxine asked him to kindly change into the ladies slacks and high heeled shoes that his wife had provided. "Maxine thinks it best, dear, because she'll have another customer while your hair is setting. I'll help you so you won't smudge your nails. Quick, so they won't see your diaper and pink panties." Cecil was too embarrassed to speak as he came out in tight, flowered pants and girls' shoes, but the operator and manicurist concealed their grins and were very polite. With his hair in

curlers he minced over to a chair and seated himself gracefully under the drier. Maxine's next customer, a middle aged woman, thought the girl in slacks was a bit unsociable, but quite pretty. Cecil hadn't yet seen a mirror, and nearly fainted when Maxine gave him one. His hair had been tinted; instead of a soft, satiny blonde it was now bright yellow, glittering gold. Such lovely, shimmering curls - such amazing fullness of hair! He didn't know that Maxine had worked in a perfectly matched switch of hair that filled out his tresses beautifully. Oh! His eyebrows, so pencil thin and artfully curved! He had lost the last semblance of manhood in his face, but for the moment his admiration of the lovely effect overcame his dismay. A lovely though somewhat frightened girl looked back at him in the mirror; her lips painted lusciously full, her eyes with a totally new depth and beauty imparted by mascara and eye shadow.

Trixie paid the bill and tipped both women well, they had effected a startling transformation in her sometimes difficult, naughty husband. He'd had a sweet girl inside of him, trying to get out; they had brought the pretty thing out and here she stood, blushing and

graceful and altogether charming. "Come, Cecilia," said Trixie, scarcely able to remove her eyes from the titivated creature. Maxine was delighted, and proud of her work. "You're a beautiful girl, Miss Cecilia. She could use a deeper makeup for your date this evening," the operator told Trixie. "If you have the time, bring her in and I'll be glad to touch her up at no additional charge." "Goodbye, Mr. Cecilia," called out the smiling black girl. Cecil stumbled out in a daze, Trixie's hand on his arm guiding him. Was he a he on a her, already? "Straighten up - look proud - you're as pretty as any girl you'll meet," encouraged his wife. They went to their room long enough for him to discard his diaper and be given flases for his bra, his fancy garter belt and sheer beige nylon hose which he liked better than the babyish white ones. He wore Trixie's flowered slacks again, now with one of her blouses which was a trifle large on him.

II. DANGEROUS CURVES AHEAD

In the lobby they encountered the nice elderly couple who occupied the room next to them. "Hello, Mrs. Goodwin - how are the honeymooners?" "Hi, Mrs. Carlson - and Mr. Carlson. We're fine, thank you." The man said, "You newlyweds are usually inseperable. How's Mr. Goodwin?" It just happened that both of them were glancing at the pretty 'girl' in golden curls beside Trixie, and at this question his wife instinctively turned and looked at him also, to his utter confusion! "Oh, er - she's just fine - I mean, he is" replied Trixie and they hurried off, leaving the Carlsons staring curiously after them. "Honey, this will never work - people will know that I'm not a girl!" "Not after our next stop, they won't," the big girl reassured him. They went for their car and Trixie noticed that more than one man they met glanced at Cecilia first, or let his gaze rest

longer on the pretty blonde than on her. The shapely brunette wished that she'd had at least a hairset, but told herself that at the moment Cecil's needs had priority.

They drove to the Old Town district, not far from those adult book stores but in an area featuring theatrical costumes, ballet shoes, mod boutiques, and the like. They entered a small shop with the single word 'Ramona' on the door and a single foundation garment on a mannequin in the window. The lady within expected them and Cecil, a little encouraged to see no one else around, allowed the two women to bring him into the fitting room. "My, you are the prettiest customer we've had in a month of Sundays, Miss - ?" "Cecilia," our hero replied in his softest tone. "I believe you want a full-length conselette, Cecilia, that will build your breasts up a little?" "Er - yes, if you please," he replied, nervous as he saw that Trixie was letting him do all the talking. "And your buttocks also, dear?" "Yes, that's right," he stammered blushing. "All right, just remove your clothes, Cecilia," the woman told him and left the room. Trixie helped her abashed husband out of his blouse and slacks and had just removed his bra when Ramona returned.

Cecil hastily put his hands over his bosom tried to hide behind Trixie. "Excuse me, I have to check your waistline, Cecilia - I think you said she's a 25," she added to Trixie. "Don't be so shy, honey - stand up straight" the big girl admonished; the male in sheer hose and panties did so but hoping his real sex would not be discovered, kept his hands cupped over his little breasts.

Ramona measured his waistline - her hands lingering there caressingly - then to his embarrassment she measured his bust, standing behind him so that he wasn't sure if she'd noticed his boyish breasts, also his hips and the center of his waist in front, down under his crotch up to his waist in back. He was mortified to realize that he was in a state of arousal, and Ramona had touched him there twice without any comment. "Cecilia is a very petite girl," she remarked to Trixie, "but I do have a few small items that might fit her." She left and Cecil whispered to his wife, "There must be a lot of girls with measurements smaller than mine." "Girls, maybe, but not boys," smiled Trixie. "I believe Ramona caters to boys - 'fairy' nice boys." The proprietress returned with two garments and told Cecil "Let's remove our panties, dear."

He looked appealingly at Trixie. "M - may I have some privacy for this?" "Darling, this lady must see that you are fitted properly - take them off. You haven't anything that she hasn't seen before, I'm sure. When he hesitated both ladies moved in and took off his little garment and the modest boy stood there in nothing but sheer hose and high heels. Ramona paused to view his velvet smooth, utterly hairless body with its slender lance bobbing stiffly up in the air and Cecil, overcome with shyness, ran to his wife and tried to hide behind her.

"My, she's a bashful little girl," smiled Ramona. "We have something to cover you, Cecilia - and give you those curves you've been looking for." She knelt to unfasten his garters, eyeing his sensitive, trembling rod as though she were greatly tempted to kiss it. Removing his garter belt, the two women helped him into a beautiful garment whose white satin and lace exterior covered a tightly hugging power net that would grip him as in a steel vise. They could barely work it over his hips and Trixie boldly took hold of the turgid part that was obstructing them and firmly stuffed it down

under the constricting elastic. "It's too tight - I'll need the next larger size" gasped Cecil but they ignored this and when he put his hands through the shoulder straps in a bending position and was able to gradually straighten up, the extremely snug garment was drawn into position. Then came the struggle to close the long side zipper; when this was accomplished they gartered his hose (he could not bend without difficulty) and stepped back to admire the result. Cecil looked into the mirror and could scarcely believe his eyes. First it was his full, beautiful bosom and very slender waist that he beheld; his breasts were perfectly formed, two darling pointed cones, lace lavished and lovely; he had a real wasp waist, charmingly accenting the lush curves above and below. His hips had a new, luscious fullness and when he viewed himself in the three-way mirror he saw a beautifully plump, womanly bottom! Hesitantly, shyly his hands went to his billowing bosom, to his derriere that jiggled enticingly at his every move, and thrilled to feel their amazingly flesh-like, yielding softness. The women were exclaiming loud praises of his feminine figure and Trixie clasped him in her arms and kissed him ecstatically while Ramona smiled to see

the satin and lace sheathed boy in this masterful girl's embrace. For the past week Trixie had entertained thoughts of corsetting him - but hadn't dreamed that day would come so soon!

Thinking of the big protuberance she'd had to force under his garment, Trixie asked accusingly, "Cecilia, are you thinking naughty thoughts?" and Ramona came to the blushing boy's rescue. "No, I don't think so" she said, studying his sensitive face. "Is this your first figure control garment, dear?" "Y - yes." "It's exciting, isn't it. And that's what excites you down there." He nodded shyly, grateful that she had understood and defended him. "Well, it wouldn't be the first time that she forgot her manners, would it dear?" said Trixie as she surveyed the snugly encased boy and Ramona guessed correctly that Cecil's future trespasses would be dealt with severely. He seemed so gentle and naive; the proprietress wished that she had such a petticoated prissy - she'd put him to good use. Trixie ran her hand critically over his well-flattened bulge and then asked him to sit down. When he stiffly did so she bent over him, pushing his thighs apart and probing to see if he were sufficiently protected in this position. "She's more vulnerable when

seated." "Yes, but we have something for that, ma'am." Ramona showed them a restraining strap that could be snapped on, forcing the genitals backward and tucking them up securely out of reach; she referred to it as a pussy bridle. "A what?" "Well, it's for boy pussies," the boss lady said and both women laughed. "She'll take that," decided Trixie, "I'd think it would be quite helpful, with or without her foundation. If she wears trousers it might prevent her from doing something naughty."

"With her sexy curves she'll have all the boys after her now," smiled Ramona. "Does she have a gentleman friend at present?" "No - but we are going out with two boys tonight," confided Trixie. "Cecilia isn't used to dating - she's very shy. I hope her boy friend won't be too fresh." "Do they know - ?" "No, they think she's a girl - and a former nun." Ramona laughed and said the nun's little secret would doubtless be safe - the full length garment would guard her virtue "and if her friend's hand strays a little it won't contact anything that doesn't feel like real feminine flesh. May I demonstrate?" she asked Trixie who replied "Er - yes, do." Ramona slipped an arm around the corseted boy and drew him to her; her free

hand cupped one of his boobs and fondled it as he wriggled selfconsciously under the sharp eye of his wife. The lady patted his derriere and stroked it. "See how soft her bottom is - just like the real thing. And - " turning him around "notice how nice her Mound of Venus is - just a little, ladylike bulge, that's all. Trixie felt it to verify this, and the modest boy was nearly ready to die of embarrassment as the two women ran their hands appraisingly over his shrinking figure, chatting casually as though he were just a dress dummy, or a toy doll that they could primp up as they pleased, without bothering in the least to consult his wishes. "Are you two married?" Ramona asked Trixie. "Yes, as of two weeks ago." "Only two weeks! Marvelous!" exclaimed the woman, eyeing Trixie admiringly as though she were thinking, And you've got him in corsets already.

Cecil jumped as the front door opened and closed and Ramona said, "That's my husband - he went across the street for some real special dresses I think this pretty girl will like." The man brought an armful of dainty apparel into the fitting room and ogled Cecil with frank admiration as the tightly sheathed miss cast her eyes shyly downward. "Carlos," called

Ramona, "This is Miss Cecilia - isn't she a pretty girl?" "She sure is - she could be in the movies, with her figure!" Cecilia squirmed and wished that she could hide behind Trixie this bold man was staring as though he'd like to eat her up and she was relieved when he departed. The dresses indeed were special; far more frilly and sissyish than those worn by most women today, for the shop across the street, like this one, catered to a very special, mostly male clientele. Ramona kindly loaned Cecil her own very best slip and the blushing youth, embarrassed but tremendously thrilled, tried on one, then a second and third of the extremely frilly, frothy frocks. He might have modeled more but the third creation was just perfect on him; a sweetly old-fashioned dress with purple pansies on white, cut modestly and with three tiers of demure flounces adorning its dainty, full skirt. Trixie took it at once and it was so adorable on him that his objections died in his throat and he signed a fifty dollar traveler's check that barely covered these two important purchases. For the moment he had forgotten all about the forthcoming double date this evening - the day's events thus far had filled him with shy, sheer happiness.

They ate a light lunch; Cecil was too excited to eat much and Trixie advised a nice fruit salad. "I'm so proud of your beautifully slim waist, dear - most girls would envy you. Try to keep your lovely figure; to do so your appetite must be as dainty as your appearance." Back in their room, the big girl proposed that they shower early, and before Cecil took his she touched up his body in a few places with the dipilatory, to render him baby smooth. After, they relaxed in bed for a while, scantily clothed, but were too full of anticipation to take a nap. Cecil was growing increasingly nervous and Trixie cuddled him against her comfortably. "You'll like Ralph, dear - he's such a gentleman and SO good looking. Isn't Ralph a nice name?" "Yes - my mother nearly named me Ralph but decided not to because it means wolf, I believe." "Well, wolf would scarcely fit you, darling. 'Pretty Pussy' would be more appropriate... I think you'd like to be a wolf, if you could. Is there a name that means 'Wolf in Pussy's Clothing'?" "I don't think so." "Cecilia is a nice name for you. What does it mean, do you know?" "Well, St. Cecilia is the patron saint of music. She was a martyr and it's said that she sang while being tortured by

the Romans." "Why, that's remarkable, honey - I mean, it's quite fitting for you. You are deeply religious, you're such a sweet singer in your girlish, almost soprano voice and - " she whispered "sometimes you like to be tortured a little."

"I do not - mmmphhhh!" his protest was muffled as the shapely bride lovingly pressed his face against her big breast. When he could again speak he murmured "Honey, I'm worried about this evening!" "Why darling? You look simply adorable - Ralph will be crazy about you. He didn't really do anything fresh to you that first time, did he?" "I don't remember too well, I was so - excited. I think his hand brushed across my body several times." "Well! Will that kill you? I think you ran away from fright rather from anything he did - isn't that right? "Perhaps so." "All right. Now don't be a fraidy-cat - be a good girl tonight, and be sociable. If only you knew how sweet and pretty you look! Besides, I'll be with you all the time. How do you think girls make out when they're all alone with a big strong guy who wants to go all the way?" "How DO they?" "Well, one method is to do a hand job on him." "What is that, dear?" "It's what you do all

by yourself sometimes like a naughty baby, to make this bubble out - " she lightly touched it "and you'd better not ever do it again! But it's an excellent way of taking the spunk out of an overaffectionate Romeo. Of course there will be no need of it tonight - you have nothing to worry about... Let's get up now and we'll pretend I'm Ralph, and see how you manage. Don't be too prissy and standoffish - these boys are giving us a nice evening and we mustn't be too prudish." To better portray her role, Trixie put on a pair of Cecil's trousers and one of his sports shirts and playfully painted a little mustache on her upper lip with eye shadow. For an additional touch of realism she wore inside her trousers the larger of the male appendages she had purchased only yesterday. This was fun. It was reminiscent of the play 'Pygmalion' only better, for in this version not only the character but even the sex of the selected person would be transformed.

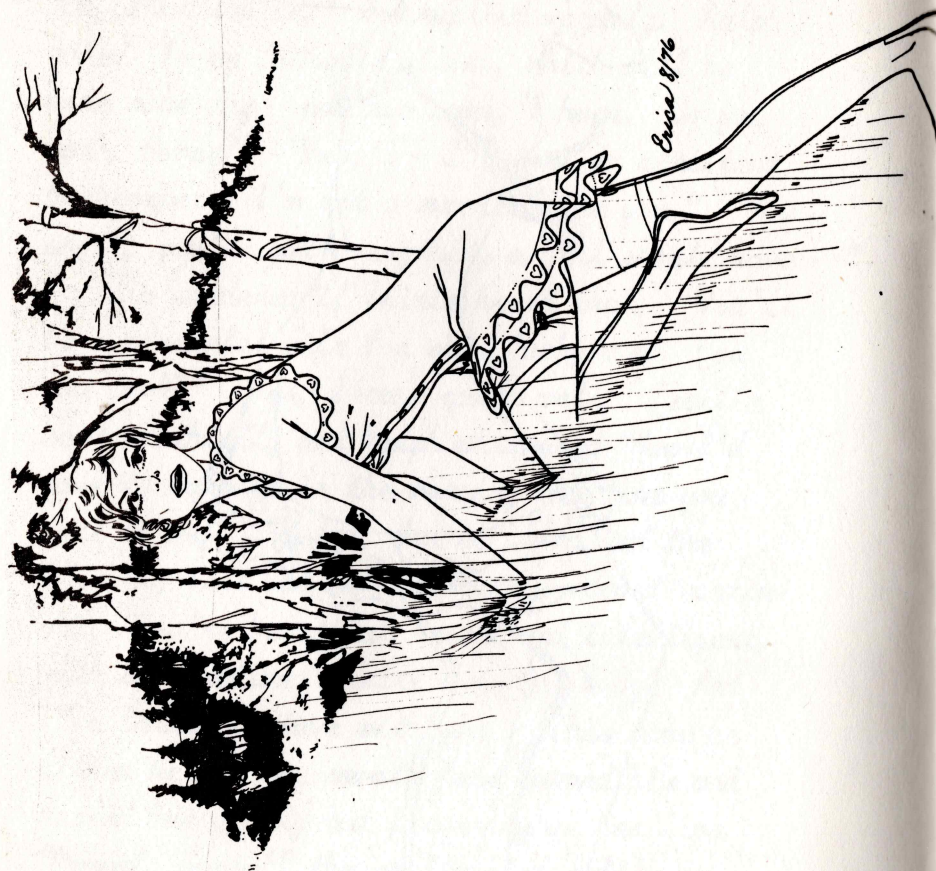
III. THE WOOLING OF CECILIA

"Ralph, be a good boy - you promised," whispered Cecilia. "I will, darling - it's just that you're so sweet I could love you to pieces," murmured the admiring youth, gazing tenderly at the pretty but very proper blonde beside him, so enchantingly perfumed, so appealing in the dainty summer dress that outlined her stunning curves so bewitchingly. They were parked at the drive-in theatre and it's safe to say that no one was paying much attention to the picture. Ralph's hand rested on Cecilia's thigh, where she held it to prevent it's roving. A moment ago she had plucked it away from her bosom and reprovingly put it on his lap, and had to patiently start all over again with his romantic overtures. His lips brushed against her soft cheek and he lightly kissed it; the modest girl stirred uneasily and tried to change the subject, which clearly

was beautiful blondes. "What kind of work do you do, Ralph?" she whispered. "Civil engineer." "Oh, that's nice," she replied vaguely. Ralph added "In my father's office, which will be mine some day - not too soon, I hope. Do you work, Honey?" "Yes, I - I'm just an assistant bookkeeper - I'm not a smartie like you." "You angel, you've got everything a girl should have - " Cecilia wondered if Trixie heard that. "You'll be a wonderful wife for some lucky man! Can you cook?" "Yes, I can, quite well," Cecilia said truthfully and Ralph whispered "How I'd love to wake up in the morning and find you next to me!" "Ralph, don't!" breathed the blushing girl but her infatuated escort continued, "You're beautiful, sweet and intelligent, with such refined tastes - a real lady! And I've fallen in love with you." This time he tilted her satiny smooth face toward his and kissed her gently but fervently on her lips. "Mmmmm! Ummmm!" the pretty girl softly protested but he held her dainty body close and after a few moments of ineffectual squirming she shyly returned his kiss, hoping that this might divert him from other acts of boldness.

In the rear seat Mike was fully as entranced with Trixie; her figure was the shapeliest, the





most fully developed and sensuous that he'd ever seen. The statuesque brunette was kept busily engaged in fending off Mike's advances and in listening to the little she could hear from the loving couple up front. If only she could watch the wooing of sissy Cecilia! - but all she could see was the top of their heads, very close together. Trixie felt responsible for her sister's safety - the younger girl was so innocent and inexperienced. So eager was the big girl to know what was going on up there that she did not rustle about and fight off Mike too much; he had worked one caressing hand between her bare thighs, above her stocking tops, stroking and petting her in a pleasing, titillating manner. At first Trixie did not permit him to kiss her but after they overheard a few smacks from up front, she relaxed a little and their lips met in a long, thrilling kiss. His big hand respectfully cupped her full breast throughout the kiss, and when it ended he lowered his head and kissed the lovely breast he had fondled so pleasantly. Mike was nice, she liked his male scent, the strongness of his arms around her... Then she quivered as he took her hand and placed it directly atop the big, pulsating bulge at the front of his trousers. Oh! He was so big! And so hard! She wondered what

it must look like. She tried to pull her hand away but Mike held it there - and very lightly she squeezed it a little, to see if it were actually real.

Trixie was thrilled and very proud of Cecilia's conduct thus far. Her sister had been so genteel and feminine in the restaurant, handling her full skirt so gracefully, her every move charming, her voluptuous curves innocently seductive. How lucky it was that Trixie had coached her in femme dancing! They'd had a three piece band and a little square of dance floor at the restaurant and both men had wanted to dance. Trixie had held her breath as Ralph spun Cecilia around and made her skirts swirl up high above her knees - as Trixie had done with her in their hotel room - and the pretty blonde had retained her grace and poise even on this dangerous, unaccustomed ground. When she became dizzy she had stopped and clung to Ralph for support, her freshly coiffured curls resting lightly on his shoulder in a completely feminine manner. Her voice was girlishly soft and sweet, her glances at Ralph coquettish but not bold, her occasional giggles as high pitched and girlish as they could be. The romantic Ralph was becoming more enamoured every minute

and Trixie, like a good, closely observant mother, prayed that all would continue to go smoothly.

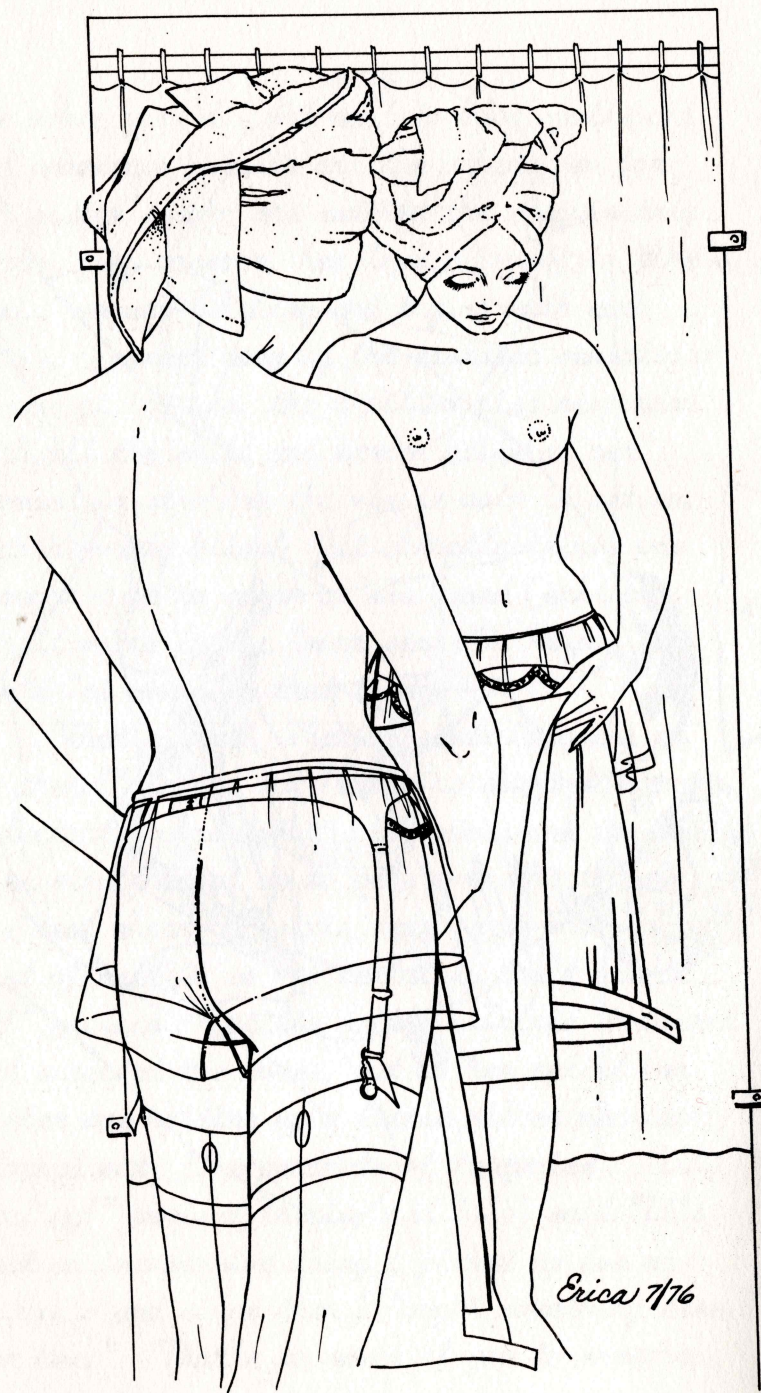
"Please don't, Ralph!" entreated Cecilia. Her suitor had lifted her skirts and the blonde again put his hand in his lap and primly drew her dress down to cover her knees. Then she peeked curiously to see what he was doing - he had taken a white envelope from his pocket.

"Oooh!" In the back seat Trixie had almost vented a tiny shriek, muffling her outcry just in time. Impetuous Mike had taken her hand and again placed it upon the apex of his aroused masculinity - but this time there was no covering in the way and her hand quivered against his hot, bare flesh. "No, Mike, no!" she whispered but his strong hand held hers right there... Either he was moving his hips or she was unconsciously sliding her hand up and down, her fingers having instinctively closed around the excitingly thick, rigid shaft. Suddenly she realized that he in turn had reached her own love next, his naughty finger had entered it and at once, as though guided by Cupid himself, had found her itching, extremely susceptible clitoris and was playing beautiful music on it as a master virtuoso would with a fine violin.

The noble girl did not want to be a spoilsport and embarrass Cecilia and the others, so for her sister's sake she endured the exquisitely tantalizing massage, her lips clinging to Mike's, their tongues flicking and toying with each other. Carried away by the ecstatic sensations he was giving her, the thrilled miss responded with all the skill and tender guile at her command in stroking the virile male in return. What heavenly bliss! But abruptly Trixie was brought down to earth as she heard Cecilia's shrill voice in the front seat "Oh Ralph, I can't let you give that to me!"

"What's that? What on earth is going on up there?" called out Trixie as she and Mike reluctantly ceased their fun games and the big girl straightened up to peer over the top of the seat ahead. "Trixie dear, look what Ralph just offered to me - I certainly can't accept it!" exclaimed Cecilia softly. Trixie shuddered and expected the worse, but to her relief her sister was holding up a little silver necklace adorned with five pendants of turquoise. "It's darling!" praised Trixie, and Ralph said "It's just an inexpensive thing I picked up for my mother - and since then I bought something else for her." "That's so sweet of you to remember





your mother, dear" cooed Cecilia like a trilling love bird "but really, I just can't - oh no!" Ralph had slipped it around her neck and managed to snap shut the clasp. They continued to argue and Trixie, anxious to return to other more interesting matters, said "Well, it's not proper to accept gifts on such short acquaintances; but since it's on, Honey, why not wear it just for this evening and then return it." Cecilia couldn't open the clasp in the dark and after a few more protests silence again fell upon the car's occupants - a happy, thrilling silence.

At the intermission Mike announced that his 'best buddy' in Capitol City had invited him and his foursome to stop in at his home for a little drink after the show. Trixie said they couldn't stay out too late but after some discussion the girls consented, provided they did not stay at the drive-in for the entire feature - Trixie did not want the petting to go too far in any event. Accordingly they left the theatre shortly thereafter, and Ralph drove across town and through a suburb of well kept, upper class homes. He finally pulled into the driveway of a neat ranch home nestled on the edge of a dense, wooded area. As they alighted, the

moon dipped behind scudding clouds and gave a ghostly, sinister appearance to the scene; the woods were a pit of blackness but the building, surrounded by fine lawns and well-manicured hedges, looked cosy and inviting. Mike rang the bell and then knocked - without answer.

"Oh, Jerry left me his key and said we should let ourselves in if he wasn't here - he'll be out just a short while." A little warning bell sounded in Trixie's brain. "Wait a minute - isn't anybody home? I don't like this - I don't think we should go in."

"Awww! After leaving the show early, and coming 'way out here? Come on, just one drink! You want to come in, don't you Sissy?" Earlier Ralph had asked what Cecilia's nickname was - Cille? Cecile? Ce-ce? When she had been slow to reply Trixie had said "Well, sometimes we call her Sissy." "My pretty Sissy," Ralph had said tenderly, and although she would have ordinarily disliked this name, it sounded rather nice when he said it. Cecilia was also doubtful about entering but she stayed close to Trixie and when the older girl went in, she followed. The interior was well furnished, neat and clean. Mike went to mix a round of drinks; Ralph turned on the stereo and as soft, dreamy

waltz music filled the room he gently embraced Cecilia and swayed with her in time to 'The Waltz You Saved For Me.' He danced cheek to cheek and stole light kisses on the bashful girl's cheek, her soft hand, her softer neck while Sissy blushed and fervently wished she were safely home. Trixie helped Mike serve the drinks which were very potent, especially for 'Shirley Temple' Cecilia.

Mike showed Trixie through the other rooms; when they entered the beautiful master bedroom he jestingly announced "And here's the playroom." Our heroine saw that the silk coverlet had been neatly folded back to expose the snow white bedsheet. "Looks inviting, doesn't it Honey?" "No - I'm not sleepy." "Oh, you're so cute!" laughed Mike; he seized her and they kissed, a long, clinging kiss. As they paused for breath Mike knelt respectfully before her and slipped his hands under her skirt, sliding them upwards along her thighs to the waistband of her panties and carefully drew them down. Trixie began to repel him and then remained still but quivering and permitted it. She was thrilled - no boy had ever done this to her before, her prudish husband would never think of being so bold. The air felt mild and balmy

on the bareness under her dress, she felt excitingly vulnerable yet confident that she could control her admirer, prevent him from going too far. Still on his knees, Mike lifted her skirt and kissed her tempting thighs; she loved this but when his lips moved higher she backed away, fending off his eager hands. "Oh darling, let me kiss you there!" "No dear, you mustn't," she murmured gently; she wanted it always to be dainty and dry and kissing fresh for this delightful deed, and felt that it was scarcely this now, after so much petting and inner turmoil.

"Then - at least just show it to me, once - please!" Mike looked so nicely worshipping on his knees that the brunette was strongly tempted to raise her skirts like a bold trollop and reward him with a brief glance of her fine pudendum, thrusting forth proudly from her voluptuous loins and framed by its' luxuriant, bushy curls - but restrained her impulse. "Oh no, Honey, don't be naughty," she whispered and taking his hand, helped him up to his feet. She tingled as she noticed his turgid masculinity bulging attractively through his trousers, and permitted the yearning youth to draw her to a sitting position on the side of the bed. They

kissed fervently and with their mouths still pressed together they fell back to a reclining position, Trixie in his strong arms. She heard his shoes drop onto the carpet and to avoid soiling the fresh bedsheet, she slipped off hers also. His hand was under her skirt, it found her hungry cockadoo's nest and caressed it thrillingly; she stroked his tummy and back, her fingers sliding a little ways under his belt with each stroke. She didn't want to go any further, she told herself - but he was so loving and irresistible! Then her romantic bubble shattered into nothingness as a tremulous voice sounded nearby "Trixie! Where are you, Honey?"

The brunette jumped to her feet, sliding into her shoes and quickly smoothing out her skirt. "I'll go out to her," she whispered to Mike; he was not quite fit for making public appearances yet, so she'd better head off her buttinsky sister. She hurried out, calling "Here I am, Sissy" and nearly ran into the pretty blonde, who was too worried and flustered to notice her rumpled condition. "Honey, Ralph is getting so bold, and I'm afraid he will - find me out! Please, can't we go?" "Yes we'd better. But they may refuse to drive us

back - we'll watch our chance to make a break for it when they're both occupied." Then the men converged on them from both directions and the girls put on their prettiest smiles and proposed that they all sit in the living room. Mike swore angrily and an ugly, almost savage expression flitted for an instant over Ralph's face, but they reluctantly consented. For several long, anxious minutes the girls had all they could do to ward off their increasingly bold wooers -- then came the chance that Trixie had awaited. One man went to the bathroom and as quickly as he left, the brunette asked the remaining one to freshen up her drink. He departed to do so and Trixie whispered to Cecilia "Now! Grab your purse! Carry your shoes in your hand! And quiet!" It was Trixie, cool despite her inward fears, who took time to very softly open the front door - and then lost no time in flying noiselessly down the path toward the lights of the distant highway.

Cecilia followed close behind, although the first dozen steps she ran made her painfully aware of her extremely tight corset. "Over this way! Keep close to the trees!" ordered Trixie; it was well that they did so for a quick glance backward told her that the men were now

outside the house, looking in all directions - the hunters hadn't spotted their prey as yet. "Into the woods!" hissed the brunette and both girls were swallowed up in the gloomy but sheltering blackness. Cecilia just barely made it; her bosom was pounding as though it would burst and she had to stop, not even having enough breath to call Trixie back. Moreover, she hadn't visited the bathroom since before they'd had dinner and now she simply had to relieve her distressed bladder, no matter what happened. She went a little more deeply onto the darkness and groped around in search of the strong fasteners that held her restraining strap in place. At last she tugged the strap free and was able to give herself the gratifying relief she sorely needed. What was that? It sounded like a body pushing through nearby underbrush! Hurridly she replaced the strap and snapped it into place, but in her haste the snap fasteners may not have closed as completely as they should have.

Trixie emerged from the black woods not far from the highway - her sense of direction had served her well. It must be a bus line - she saw a few people waiting on a corner, near what looked like a bus stop sign. A bus would

bring them to safety - but where was Cecilia? She listened intently - not a sound. Not for a moment did the heroic girl think of running away - her soft sister must not be captured by these men, if she could somehow prevent it. She paused a brief moment, then plunged again into the heavy darkness. At last the ranch house came into view, softly lighted and silent. Where was everybody? Did they have Cecilia inside - what would they do to her? Softly approaching the building from the rear, she noticed a pile of firewood and quickly selected a two foot length of oak, not too thick, that she could grasp and use as a club. She peered through a window - no sign of life. Cautiously she tried the back door - it was unlocked. She heard a sound and whirled around to see two figures emerging from the woods - one of the men and Cecilia - Trixie recognized her pansy dress. Should she run at them, try to rescue her sister? Oops! Just in time she ducked behind the grape arbor as a shout came from another part of the woods. "Hey, you got one of them."

"Yeah, I've got Sissy," came to Trixie's ears as she quietly stepped inside and closed

the door. She couldn't fight both men; she wished that she had run for help but now it was too late for that. The clothes closet off the living room! She ran into it, purse and club in her hands, and again slipped off her shoes for quietness. Horrors! The door would not close tightly, it swung open an inch or so; this had not been noticable before, she prayed that it wouldn't be now. The two men came in with the slender girl they had captured; Trixie couldn't see much, but could hear perfectly.

"Oh, please let me go!" "Shut up, you little pricketeer! Run out on us, like a pair of lousy sneaks!" "Trixie can't be far off - I'll go after her, soon as I grab this drink." "Hold still, Sissy - you must have something precious, that you're guardin' so closely." "Don't Ralph! You promised! Stop it!" "Hey, can't you convince Sissy that you won't hurt her, as long as she plays ball with you?" "No Ralph, please - that doesn't unfasten! Don't - I - I'm not that type of girl!" "Ok, we know you're a goody-goody but... Hey! What the hell? What IS this?" "Eeeeeek! No! Oh please - I!" "What's goin' on?" (Mike's voice) "Somethin' mighty strange! ('mere an' help hold her." (Trixie learned later that

Cecilia had not closed her restraining strap properly and at the crucial moment it had opened and betrayed her). "Hey, I don't believe this - Sissy's a guy!" "Oh, don't tear my dress - please!" "We won't if you hold still - but we gotta see this." "Wait - I'll unfasten her garters." Rather than removing her dress, the men were trying to roll up the tight bottom edge of the girl's foundation in their eagerness to see her secret. "Oh please don't - this - this was all a mistake!" "It sure was, sister - an' you made it." "Yeah, an' she oughtta pay for it!"

Brief silence, except for scuffling sounds and Cecilia's frantic, unheeded pleading. "Gee, this thing is tight on her... Look! She IS a boy!" "Sure enough, but look how small it is - an' no hair at all!" "She must be half male an' half female." "Here I've been carrying this big, swollen thing in my pants all evening an' you've been teasing me an' puttin' me off and laughin' up your sleeve at me, haven't you?" "No! I'm sorry! I'm terribly sorry!" "You're gonna be sorrier! Gettin' me so hot and bothered that it near drove me crazy - and accepting my jewelry, you perverted bitch!" "I - I didn't want to! I couldn't get it off!"

Please unclasp it and let me return it!" "No, I've got a better idea. You can keep your necklace and you're gonna do something for me in return. Come on - right away! You made it stand up like this and you're gonna take it down!" "Wh - what do you mean, Ralph? Oh no, I would never - " Crack! A shriek of pain and a sound like a slap; evidently one of the men had slapped the pretender, not overly hard but enough to drop the frightened thing to her knees. "Come on, open up those pretty lips! I'll teach you to make fun of me!" "No, I can't! Please Ralph, I implore you - Ugg!mphhh! Ummm!" Another brief silence and then only the men talked in low tones, with occasional gasping or succulent sounds in between, such as Trixie had heard Cecilia make sometimes when she took her nursing bottle. What was going on, the brunette wondered - dare she open the door further and peek? She set her purse down on the floor, club in one hand and gently pushed the door open. The actors of this drama were just out of sight; noiselessly she crept forward and peeked around the corner - and gasped in dismay.

IV. A LOLLIPOP FOR SISSY

Her effeminate spouse was kneeling humbly before the man she had deceived while he held her head in position to serve his carnal demands. Trixie was amazed and fascinated to observe that her sister was not struggling but seemed to be applying herself very earnestly to the task that she faced; her head bobbed busily back and forth, now swooping forward to gulp Ralph's largeness deeply, now drawing back to let it slide out, her mouth forming a big O of encirclement, her lips clinging as if reluctant to release it for even a moment. Trixie didn't know that just before she had peeked, Ralph's fist had connected with Sissy's cheekbone - but not with full force, just hard enough to knock all thoughts of resistance out of the slender girl's head; what looked to Trixie like willing cooperation was really terrified, unwilling submission. Now Trixie knew

why her sister had been silent the past five minutes - she'd been much too busy to talk. At any rate, it was a relief that they hadn't beaten or otherwise injured her. She was not being badly mistreated; Trixie reflected that many girls would gladly serve this handsome, commanding male like this, under the circumstances.

In all fairness, Ralph could not be blamed; his pretty date had unintentionally aroused him to his present state of amorous intensity - Trixie had feared she'd been too coquettish - and now she would pay the penalty. The brunette could only wait and watch with compassionate eyes and rapidly beating heart; to reveal herself at the moment would be foolhardy. She tingled to see Ralph tower majestically over the pertinent teaser, mastering her and making her pay meek homage to his throbbing urgency. It was well moisturized now; it glistened as it slid readily, exultantly into the warm, caressing receptive the girl provided for it as she knelt in craven worship before his overpowering maleness. What an awful shock this was for the modest Sissy, whose pure mind had never dwelt on this piquant aspect of sex nor even dreamed she'd be in such a debasing situation.

The breathless, intently watching bride could see only part of Mike's figure; he was watching Cecilia's taming at close range. What he saw must have excited him - for now he began to remove his trousers. What would he do? He was talking to Ralph - something about changing his position so that both men could participate. Suddenly Mike glanced up and seemed to look directly at Trixie! She ducked back behind the corner, petrified. She stood motionless, scarcely breathing... but there came no rush of angry footsteps, nothing but their occasional low voices mingled with a few agitated but muffled "Ummmm! Mmmmmmm!" sounds. After a while the brunette peeked out again and - Oh no! What a fascinating tableau greeted her eyes!

Ralph was reclining on the carpet now and Cecilia squatted on hands and knees before him, still engaged in her humble task; but her altered posture had enabled Mike to approach from the rear and penetrate her defenses; her hips were turned up high and Mike, kneeling behind her, had impaled her with the beautiful staff that Trixie had fondled and admired - and perhaps secretly coveted. "Ummmm! Ummmmmm!" squealed Cecilia in muffled tones as her chaste

body was invaded from both sides; she was firmly held in place as Ralph cruelly grasped her tender ears to keep her head lowered in worship to his highness, while both of Mike's hands steadied her hips and kept her on her knees with her girlish posterior turned up for his pleasure. An opened jar of vaseline was on the nearby table - Trixie was relieved that they had at least shown Sissy this consideration. The ravished thing was all girl now, her shrill, faint shrieks only serving to stimulate her captors, her golden curls shimmering against Ralph's thighs, her dainty pansy skirts gracefully draped around her shoulders, her exposed foundation shimmering satin white, her soft thighs parted in unwilling invitation and between them, stabbing forward mercilessly, inexorably, Mike's randy, rampant fleshy dagger. It was truly a sight that any frivolous, cock teasing girl should have beheld, as a warning of the consequences of teasing the wrong man.

Trixie knew that her Sissy flirted but this was too much, more than the gentle girl deserved. Distressed, full of pity for her sister and anger at her molesters, the brunette hefted her club thoughtfully, tempted to rush to the rescue - but her instinct warned her

against this rash act. Right now the fully aroused men, if thwarted of their prey, might turn on both girls with furious, destructive vengeance - but if nature took its course as it surely would in a few minutes, the attackers might be appeased and satiated enough to permit the escape of their tender victim. If they were half as exhausted and drained as her sissy spouse was after fulfillment, Trix knew it would greatly improve their chances. She strained her ears to hear their low voiced comments as to how Sissy was serving each of them, how "she'd asked for it", how tight it was, how richly she deserved what she was getting, while the poor girl writhed and squirmed at the onslaught of their fleshy weapons. How anguishing for the young bride to behold her handsome spouse, so pretty in his feminine finery, wriggling helplessly in the hands of these big, virile men and unhappily accepting their turgid, carnal offerings!

There - it was happening to Ralph. Trixie stood on her tiptoes, craning her neck to watch the two lower figures in this stirring drama. Ralph was groaning and his body became rigid with the outpouring of his ecstasy. Oh no! Would he make Sissy - ? "Ummmm! Mmmmmmm!"

wailed the squatting girl frantically but he clung tightly to her sensitive ears and perforce she clung to him, shuddering violently, nearly fainting with shame as her lover erupted hotly, passionately, releasing all the pent up tensions that had assailed him since he first eyed the pretty Sissy this evening. "No, you stay right there an' take it, you teaser - aaaagh! Take that! Aaaagh!" Ralph moaned blissfully. "Ummm! Oooooomph!" spluttered his effeminate victim, struggling madly but unable to escape, unable to do anything but accept the rich, white bubbling spurts that filled her outraged orifice, puffed out her cheeks til they could hold no more - then an uncontrollable gulp! and she was swallowing the hot creaminess she had unwillingly brought to boiling-over temperature. She was silent now, gulping, trying to keep from choking as her villainous admirer fired a long salve of heavy spurts, still holding her ears to insure her full cooperation. At last he released the girl whose cup he had filled to overflowing and a piteous moan escaped the wet lips of the broken hearted Sissy. The generous helping of cream had not tasted badly - in fact, far better than she'd have expected, could she have ever expected such a catastrophe. It was

amazement and her big sister frantically shook her shoulder. "Get up quick! Grab your purse and shoes! Let's go!" Despite the desperate need for haste, Sissy was blushing furiously. "Honey, wh - where were you? Did - did you see - ?" "Come on, silly! Out of here!" The younger girl hastily smoothed out her dress and exclaimed "Yes, but - oh! Look out! Here comes Ralph!" Trixie spun around and swung her club at the onrushing man; he threw up his hands and yelled in pain as it glanced hard off his fingers. The big girl circled around him, ready to swing again - but his foot flashed out in a high kick, knocking the cudgel out of her hand. They both dived forward to pick it up and

Ralph crashed hard into Trixie, knocking her down. He reached for the club but it had fallen near Sissy's feet and she alertly kicked it away from him. Trixie jumped up and tried to trip him but instead he grabbed her wrist and flung her around, intending to throw her body hard against the wall. Sissy picked up the club. Trixie hung desperately to Ralph's hands as he whirled her around, knowing she could smash into something and be badly hurt if she let go. Cecilia ran forward with the club - she had never been athletic and had very

little muscle coordination - and as the two combatants whirled around and around, Sissy let go with a wild swing - KLUNK!

Now just a moment, dear reader! If you think Sissy hit Trixie and stunned her, and then both men tied up the younger girl and made her watch while they ravished Trixie - and later tied up Trixie and made her watch, etc. - you are mistaken! Hasn't poor Sissy had enough hard luck already? And what would Trixie have done to him later, if he'd committed such a monumental blunder? We hate to think what she'll do to him, as it is! No, that last KLUNK! that you heard was the club crashing against Ralph's head; he fell at once without a sound. For an instant the girls stared at him, then Trixie quickly glanced around; Mike was stirring, beginning to recover. The brunette ran for her purse, grabbed her tear gas propellant and gave each man two good shots of it each at close range. Ralph still lay quietly, only his face twitching as she sprayed him, but Mike yelled in pain, clapping both hands to his temporarily blinded eyes. Trixie tried to think: what do we need to take with us? She ran to the master bedroom and snatched up her panties, hastily stepping into them; as she ran

out she nearly stumbled over Mike's trousers. She threw them into Sissy's arms. "Take both our purses - and we'll take their trousers with us for safety. Take Ralph's shoes off." Sissy did so and Trixie dragged off his pants as he rolled helplessly on the floor, tears streaming down his face. The brunette took both men's shoes and threw them under the sofa and the girls made a hasty exit.

Outside, Trixie left one pair of trousers not far from the front entrance but told Sissy to throw the other pair behind the woodpile. Our heroine removed the car keys from the ignition of Ralph's car and placed them on the floor in the back of the car, where they would eventually but not at once be found. Then the girls hurried toward the long row of boulevard lights in the distance that spelled safety for them. Trixie pushed Cecilia along as the tightly corseted girl began to lag. "You can rest later! Go on, move!" the brunette prodded her shaken, distraught sister. Cecilia was breathless, nearly fainting as they reached the bus stop. She gasped, "Oh, this is all your fault! I - I never wanted to go out like this!" Trixie did not reply but her face was grim as they boarded the bus. Seated, she angrily said

"How dare you try to blame me? You threw yourself at Ralph like a shameless little hussy - you asked for everything you got! Where do you think you'd be right now, if it weren't for me?" "Uh - back there." "Yes - you'd be in deep water back there, going down for the third time!" Cecilia was not a strong swimmer but she didn't see what that had to do with it. Contritely she said "Honey, you were wonderful! I can never thank you enough!" "I was lucky - and you helped too." "I - I wish I had helped more but I can't breathe too well in this corset - " "Are you complaining again? Are you so ungrateful?" "No, I just meant - " "You wanted to be pretty and have a nice figure for your date - you certainly tried hard enough to attract your lover Ralph - I hope you're satisfied with the results! I wonder what all our friends would say, if they knew how you flirted with your boy friends, how completely you cooperated with them and accepted everything they gave you!" Panic was added to the despair and shame that filled Cecilia's bosom.

"Oh, I didn't - surely you would n - n - never tell - " she couldn't finish, her tremulous voice was close to crying. Trixie continued, "Look how your dress is wrinkled; there's a run

in your stocking and your freshly set hair is a mess. Those men should be reported to the police. We'll go directly to the police station first, to let them see what those brutes did to you." "Oh no, I couldn't stand it!" "I just read that the Capitol City police have a Rape Squad now, so that women won't be embarrassed by being handled by untrained or unsympathetic men. The victims tell their story to police matrons, well qualified women who can deal with an upset, nerve-wracked girl better than an ordinary police officer." "But - but I'm not a girl!" "You're 95% girl - and the Rape Squad should see you." "I j - just couldn't bear it - I'm ready to collapse!" "I understand they have professional nurses on their staff also, who will examine you." "B - but I'd be discovered - and prosecuted!" "It's your attackers who should be prosecuted - don't you see it's a good citizen's duty to report if she is raped?" "I - I - I c - can't!" Suddenly Cecilia's bosom quivered and she gave way to tears, hiding her sensitive face in her hands. "Awww, you poor girl - there, there," Trixie soothed her, putting a comforting arm around her slim shoulders and kissing her tear-stained cheek; it was the first time the gentle

thing had cried without Trixie laying a finger on her.

Observing his dread of police examination, Trixie saw her chance to strengthen her hold over her timid, petticoated husband and increase his dependancy on her. "You poor little baby, don't cry - your Mama loves you and she'll take good care of you. If you're a good girl we may not take you to the police." "Please don't. I b - b - beg of you!" "Are you gonna obey your Mama?" "Oh yes, I promise!" "What happened tonight was not entirely your fault but it certainly was not mine; I didn't create your girlish nature and I didn't encourage those men to ravish you. As for your being in skirts, you were a skirt lover long before I met you - I merely helped you to realize your long cherished dreams of becoming a pretty girl. Isn't that so?" "I - I guess so," quavered the weeping Cecilia. "Whose little girl are you?" "I'm y - your's, M - mama!" "All right - then we will go to the hotel. I'll give my little girl a hot bath and - " she whispered "a nice soothing ointment for her little pussy." Her tearful young husband blushed still more deeply; he had never felt so much like a girl as today and Trixie's frequent reminders of his

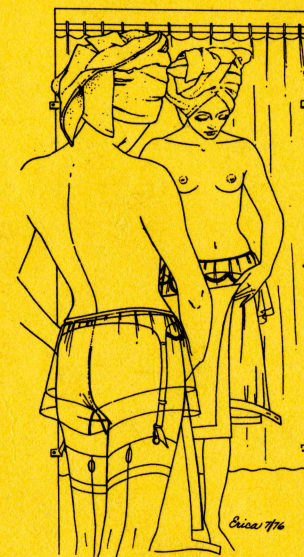
effeminacy, although most embarrassing, gave him a strange, pleasant thrill even in his misery.

"Excuse me - can I be of any assistance? The young lady seems to be in distress." Both girls looked up at the well-dressed gentleman, a touch of silver gray at his temples, who stood in the aisle near their seat. "Oh! Er, no, thank you - she'll be all right," replied Trixie with a pleasant smile. "There's a medical clinic right on this route of the bus, if she is ill." "No; that's really sweet of you but - er, I think it's mostly emotional," replied Trixie and Cecilia dabbed at her tears with her hanky and smiled tremulously as she thanked the gentleman. He returned to his seat and Trixie reflected that soft, tearful sissy girls never seem to lack for male sympathizers while a self reliant young woman, too proud to cry or act helpless, is usually left to shift for herself. The brave young brunette wondered what she'd have to do to gain as much attention - stand on her head, perhaps, and have 'God Bless America' embroidered on her panties? Tonight Sissy had been given the jewelry, most of the compliments, she'd appropriated both men for herself and had clumsily

interrupted Trixie and Mike at a thrilling moment that might have blossomed into a beautiful, intimate encounter; an encounter that would have harmed no one and have been a glorious experience for Trixie - something greater, more fulfilling than she had ever known. She was on 'the pill' - and Mike was so adorably big and virile and fervent!

Trixie loved Cecilia, so gentle and virtuous and good natured; the girlish thing would doubtless learn to pleasure her with his slender lance and there were many advantages in having an aproned Mama's helper like Cecilia in the home. Still, Trixie was such a big girl, endowed by nature with such a capacious cavern of love, how nice if she'd had it really packed full and gloriously appeased by a rampant stallion like Mikel! She'd always be true to her rather infantile husband - but would it be wrong to have a romantic, virile he-man waiting in the wings, who would at least occasionally fill the needs of her healthy, sensuous body? Cecil had thwarted her chance of a little pleasure tonight - she might never again have such a good opportunity. It was unintentional on the sissy's part, of course, but she couldn't help thinking how she'd relish having him

across her knees, with her hairbrush in her hand. Tonight she'd have to give him a hot bath and some tender, loving care and put him right to bed; but she could hardly wait to give his bottom a good, satisfying trouncing. She was a little surprised and shocked to realize that spanking Sissy was almost as good as an orgasm; in fact, her orgasm following his last spanking was her best ever.



BABY FACED BRIDE GROOM is a new series of five books that will entertain your every fantasy. What ever you have dreamed about happening to you at the hands of a dominant woman happens to Cecil.

CECIL is the main character of this series who is at the mercy of a cruel ex-girl friend and a kinky newly wed wife. This duo of dominant women turn Cecil into a transvestite slave.

IT'S ALL HERE: Forced Femininity, Servitude, Bondage, Discipline and Dominant Females. Each aspect of these subjects are carefully interwoven into a unique and delightful transvestite story that took 12 long months to write.